THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1311.

Original Poetry.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEVIAN BARD.

Dum loquimur cunctius ætas fugerit.

I wandered far through a dreary land,
And road alone on a broken strand,
Along whose craters with astounding war
A fearful torrent of lava bore;
What stream is this?" with dismay I cried;
A supplicial voice from a cave replied,
"Beware, bold youth, lest thy rash feet fall
To caught in the satan's devouring thrall;
For many a mortal won by me
Is daily swepen to eternity.
This lifeless desert and lonely heath
Are widely known as the realms of death;
Tis I that calls ere this dark world closed,
And the stream is called by the Stream of Time."

And strange indeed it was the startling gift
Of the humorous woman in her fearful flight,
While there floated down their enabling tide
A fragment of every earthly pride.

Proud empires there in their pomp I mark,
Compounded of many a conquered land,
Young kingdoms and sceptres compelled to bow
To a law as the meanest round now,
The vanished glories of the world's past,
The splendors reared for the triumph era,
The gorgeous pomp of the towering state,
The wreaths won by the famed and great,
Were hurled to earth with a rash subdue,
And swallowed up by the Stream of Time.

And gorgeous fragments of arch and tile,
That blanched many a costly pile,
Once erected to honor the great and brave,
Were spotted high by the bounding wave.
The warrior spoils were in confusion hurled,
The pride of throne or the boast of Rome,
Involving their dashing billow in gloom.
Their towering spires and burnished walls,
Full many a rueful tear have called,
The vaunted strength of a far-famed host,
All those with the thousand splendors flung
Amid the hollow roar of the glory song.
The toppled shaft and the glad dining chime,
Were swept along by the Stream of Time.

I gazed full long on the dreary scene
Till my sight grew dim and I saw no more;
Yet oft do fancies with shuddering view
Around me come on my bewildered way
Amid the fearful tide I see
Locked out with joy on the rushing wave,
The fair to sight and piercing eyes
On many a proud and cherished prize.
"Ha! ha!" he shouted with fiendish tone,
"These mighty fragments are mine alone!
They think to defy with haughty hand
The unyielding tide of the world's wide land!
Yet I merely bestir me o'er the works of crime,
And lo, they sink in the Stream of Time."

Original Tales.

THE PUMPKIN FRESHET IN Oguaga Valley.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS SMITH,
AUTHOR OF "MARITAL MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S LETTERS."

Aunt Patty Stow is sixty-two years old, not quite as spry as a girl of sixteen, but a great deal tougher—and that's what's to come in her line. She can do as good a day's work as any woman within twenty miles of her; and when it comes to a hard nut to crack, General Taylor's army on the march moves about fifteen miles a day, but Aunt Patty, on a pinch, can make twenty. She has been spending the summer with her nieces in New York, for Aunt Patty has nieces, abundance of them, though she has no problem; she never had any. Aunt Patty never was married, and, for the last thirty years, whenever the question has been asked her, why she did not get married, her invariable reply has been, "she would not have the best man that ever trod shoe leather." Aunt Patty has been spending the time with her nieces, but she doesn't see there not that she would as soon live on the top of the rocky Mountains. If you ask her where she does live, she always answers,

"In Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming."

This, to be sure, is a very pretty locality, and before you get the other piece answers to your questions, Aunt Patty will tell you that she is "a great hand for poetry," though the last time she read a piece of it she has ever been known to quote, even by the oldest inhabitant. When you get at the truth of the matter, you find that Aunt Patty's acquaintance with but a good ways from "fair Wyoming," that being in Pennsylvania, while her residence, for fifty-eight long years, has been in the old Green State, the town of Windsor, in Broome county, New York. There, in that beautiful bend of the Susquehanna, where the Indians call it between the waters of the Chenango, Aunt Patty has been a fixture ever since the white settlement of that part of the country. She clambered up the mountains to gather blue berries, and down into the valleys for wild lilies.

The valley of Ogaga, at the time of the revolutionary war, was the favorite residence of an Indian tribe, and a tract of half way ground, a resting place for the Indians as they passed to and fro between the Wyoming at the south, in visiting each other. It was to this valley the Oneida valley that the celebrated Dr Edwards, while a minister in Stockbridge, Mass., sent the Rev. Mr Hawley as a missionary. Hawley was a man who had no little tact, and years ago to learn the Indian language, with a view of preparing him for an Indian missionary. And when the French and Indians broke out, Hawley refused to make change of the land, and conveyed him home to his father, carrying him a good part of the way on his back. Hawley was a bachelor when Aunt Patty's time, and before any white family except the missionary's resided within a long distance of Ogaga.

About half a dozen white families came in from Connecticut, and settled in the valley, and Aunt Patty's father and brother were among the first. They brought up to experience the hardships and privations of a pioneer life on the wilderness, no wonder Aunt Patty should be strong and hardy. Then bringing up to experience the fortunes and mode of life in a city. The servant girl was send out for some bread, and the minister she returned with a basket of wheat loaves, fresh from oat and French rolls. Aunt Patty rolled up her eyes and lifted up both hands.

"Dear me!" says she, "do you call that bread? And where, for mercy's sake, did it come from so quick with it?" Does bread rain down from heaven here in New York, just as the manna in the Bible fell in the children of Israel?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Patty, there is a baker only a few steps off, just round the next corner, who bakes more than a hundred loaves a day; so that we can always have hot bread and hot cakes there. I left a dozen times a day if we want it."

"A hundred loaves a day!" screamed Aunt Patty, at the top of her voice, "the many to you sir! Well, if you had only been at Ogaga at the time of the great pumkin freshet, you would think a good deal of having bread so handy, I can tell you."

Aunt Patty's niece took her with her to the Washington market of a Saturday evening, and showed her the profusion of fruits and vegetables and meats, that covered an area of two or three acres.

"The Lord be praised!" said Aunt Patty, "why, here is enough to feed a whole nation. What folks would have thought that I should a lived through the pumkin freshet to come to see such a sight as I see before I die?"

At the tea table, Mrs. Jones, for that was the name of Aunt Patty's niece, had many apologies to make about the food; the bread was too hard and the butter was too salt, and the fruit was too stale, and something else was too something or other. At the expression of each apology, Aunt Patty looked up with wonderment; she knew not how to understand Mrs Jones; for, to her view, a most grand and rich and dainty feast was spread before her. But when Mrs Jones summed up the whole by declaring to Aunt Patty that she should also would not be able to make out a supper of their poor fare, Aunt Patty laid down her knife, and sat back in her chair, and looked up at Mrs Jones with perfect astonishment.

"Why, Sally Jones!" said she, "are you making fun of me all this time, or what is it you mean?"

"No, indeed, Aunt Patty, I only meant just what I said; we have rather a poor table to night, and I was afraid you would hardly make a comfortable tea."

Aunt Patty looked at Mrs Jones about a minute without saying a word. At last she said, with most decided emphasis, "Well, Sally Jones, I can't tell how it is myself, but I am a little confused in my mind about this matter, and I can't tell whether I am in my right senses or not. Now, I have always called you a smart woman, and I have always considered you a good housekeeper, and I have always pronounced his opinion that the house would stand it. Then didn't we feel glad enough? Before noon, in the pudding head, and they got the cakes down to baking, and about four quarts of water hung on the fire, and in a few weeks after that, came on the tea table. Now."

"And that was true enough; they hadn't had any water for a month or more, and, as they hadn't got any tea, I don't see why you complained, or they hadn't got any tea, either."

"Well, I don't care; says Uncle Major, says he 'I will have the tea, my boys.' There's the dark kettle, you can haul the water in that, and you can chop the tea in the coffee mill, and when it's done I guess we'll continue some way or other to drink it."

"So Aunt Molly dashed round and drove on with the work, and in the short time made, and the boys got the fire made

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TERMS.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAST NIGHT IN SUMMER. We regret that you have not taken the paper that comes we shall lay it before our readers.

The essay by W. is very well written, and if we can find room for it conveniently, we will.

IMMORAL WORKS.

There are few subjects that have been more extensively quoted for their truth and justice, than that immortal one of Fletcher of Saltoun: "Give me to me to make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." And although the sense meant to be conveyed by this assertion is not strictly speaking, true, especially as applied to the people of the United States who are governed by a long-lasting people; yet, in a more enlarged sense, as there to denote the power of literature in governing over the moral and moral being, the general habits of a nation, we doubt whether any one who reflects can be brought to question its correctness. Taken in this larger sense, we think there is no truth on the face of the earth, to whom this saying may be more justly applied, than the American people.

For we are emphatically a reading people. Literature is not confined with us, as with most other countries, to the more wealthy classes that can afford only in palace halls, but goes laden with her treasures into the humble house of the mechanic, and the cottage home of the farmer, in the back. Almost all our whole population, especially in the Northern States, can read, and the desire to acquire information is nearly coextensive with knowledge.

Therefore it is with the United States in a more especial manner, that the makers of books are the true lawgivers of the land. Sitting in their office all forenoon, hence, they decree the future of the country. It is for them to decide that greatest of all questions to every people, whether virtue or vice shall flourish and prevail. It is for them to maintain the ancient landmarks of justice, integrity and faith, or to destroy these, and with them, the very life of their country.

If we have not overrated this influence of literature, and we think, we have not, how important, above everything else is it, that the right kind of it should be got. No man wishes breathing into view an atmosphere one must feel because or in bright house he is so to action: the strong woman must have tried alien to her own heart, before she can attempt to cast another.

There are other things beside the intoxicating cup, that it is unsafe to tamper with, to either touch, taste or handle—commercially as the strychnine treacherb, is of the most power than the body—what time shall be said of those, who dare to trifle in the secret seeds of corruption and death to bread and wine the land?

Now we say it unhesitatingly, that the man who writes, or the man who publishes an ably written immoral work, had better have committed a hundred of such crimes as that which may be known to others as crimes. We know of no injury to society greater than to affects, who urge its very foundations, rather. That does be for us ask rather what does be not do, that is not treason to God and man. He attacks the beautiful and natural relations of life. He sets a blow at that end of the family that beautiful connection between husband and wife, between parent and child, without which life were not endurable. He sees that blow into the very official manner. Rather oh, a hundred fold to him, that such a man were the blood he has by his evil describes, and that his influence extended no further than the circle at his own hideous actions! Would God he were miserable to all guilty of treason, in his personal dealings among men, rather than that he should upset venerably with the glorious order and angel of light, and send forth his diffuse, decisive and corrupt the young and the inexperienced.

But for the patriot and the christian stand ally and silently, and one has work of corruption go on by day, undisturbed. Let others do as they will, but for our part, we proclaim ourselves and an enemy war against them, who go about sowing seeds of moral unhealthful, and who are blasphemers. We will not hold our peace, when we behold others utter volume going forth to pollute the minds of the young, the innocent and the unsuspecting. We will cry aloud and spare not these who destroy the happiness of so many homes, these books who no other contend to pollute; if they are not able entirely to destroy the beautiful image of virtue that the Creator hath placed within the heart.

Oh ye waste that criminal, what visitation must be those who have ever poisoned one of your hearts! books but causes you to hate God! "Give me back, back cry, in the silence of midnight, when you perhaps are not feeling and hearing, and time is more fear but God. "Give me back my pure and innocent heart! You destroyed out of, because it had never even heard of guile. Harken, if ye have ever written literature these portions of guilt that you have painted in her virtuous purity my mind. Some were the man before I ever beat over your polluting pages, and in so doing inserted the sad lesson, that "he who sinneth wrongeth his own soul."

And shall we, from any false delicacy, fear to speak of these things? Or, because we may offend certain wealthy and respectable men, shall we refrain from telling them that in obliging our need or they have been and still are doing, with morals that could only have their origin in the very corrupt city of the corrupt old world, they are committing a grievous sin? Others in this matter, also, do as they may, but, sustained as we shall be by the great body of the American people, we shall not hesitate to arraign the highest and most influential at the bar of public opinion, and hold them plead and guilty, if they dare. A fearful error have they committed, we have warned them by the thousands, aye, the millions, the wards of such writers as Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue, and their band of vile American imitators, over the land. It is time now that the religion and morality of the country should speak out, if they do not mean to yield the field to their enemies without a struggle. It is time that the weight of an aroused public opinion should fall like an avalanche upon the heads of those who dare to write, to publish, or to sell an immoral work. The avenues should thus be cut off by which such publications now find their way into the homes of the virtuous and the pure. They should be beaten in thus, like we have in the pestilence. The infection thus cannot be carried and diffused by the mail, or by spread. Shall it not be so? Speak out, fellow countrymen, you can say!

THE SATURDAY COURIER.

"Some one has very justly remarked, that "Angels is one of the most unselfish beneficences of Heaven." I expressed a wish to see the work she had alluded to, and the next morning I found it on my table. I perused, with deep pleasure and interest, with some pardon and fear between-holes, the first number of "The Saturday Courier," and felt the native deformities of his character reflected for once to the light of day. We have been led to this train of thought, by a short article that appeared in last week's Courier. It seems that the editor of that paper, with that pronounced of what I have in my respect which has its origin in a secret consciousness of what is deserved, kept stealthily on the watch for the first appearance of our last week's sheet, and having read the remarks which we left it our duty to make, relative to his attempt to shield from just condemnation the "Quaker City" and its author, stopped his pens, and inserted the following wretched little piece of vulgarity. We give it to the public that they may no longer wonder that the "Quaker City," or any other immoral work, should find in the editor of the Courier an apologist.

A GEM.

"A friend informs us that the genial, spirited, open-hearted proprietor of "Ye Leppard's Delight" is ill, at last week, is in a most pitiable state of health. We would suggest that a change of air, a visit to some of the more quiet watering places, with some pocket and liver bottom-holes, will find the man himself again. Rather you, fill the native deformities of his character reflected for once to the light of day. We have been led to this train of thought, by a short article that appeared in last week's Courier. It seems that the editor of that paper, with that pronounced of what I have in my respect which has its origin in a secret consciousness of what is deserved, kept stealthily on the watch for the first appearance of our last week's sheet, and having read the remarks which we left it our duty to make, relative to his attempt to shield from just condemnation the "Quaker City" and its author, stopped his pens, and inserted the following wretched little piece of vulgarity. We give it to the public that they may no longer wonder that the "Quaker City," or any other immoral work, should find in the editor of the Courier an apologist.

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"The same man had given out, as she told me, the week before, seven hundred sheets to make, for five cents each, and thus was obliged to send twenty-four, starving creatures away without any. Some complained that hardly of his justice was anderson to write them. At No. ——— street, a few given to her for making four sheets with pins found in the house, nearly made, and four button-holes. She made one, going for it and returning in the same distance, but found she should starve at that, and declined taking any more. She had to beg that were thread, costing two cents, which he did not allow, and two days were required to do the work.

Here follow several accounts of poor women seeking work, and suffering for want of it, including one who had been driven to insanity by the want of a home, who is again alluded to as follows:

"An applicant for a home, of some thirty years of age, came in known to us, and who, from her the integrity and truthfulness is unimpeachable, was sent to the office of the Ledger for a recommend. After the girl had left, she gave us an account of her sufferings. She was another victim of the sewing machine. One of these instances occurred last winter. The poor girl could get no place to live, had no home, no friends in the city, who could help her. Went supperless; and reason fled. She was taken to the Lunatic Asylum. Was there for a while, and, in five months, was so much better, that her mother, who lives in a neighboring village, came and took her to a place, where she is doing well.

"Two others, sisters, recently were taken there, under care, from a respectable boarding house in Mulberry street, who became delirious from the same cause. Their board bill accumulating, and they had no home, no place, and no money. It no wonder upon the mind when one day's labor, with nine; and this girl, in addition to their previous sufferings, watched the sickness and death of her husband, and one of her children, a child of seven years of age. Is it no wonder that reason fled from the wages.

"In the article handed whose names have been added to our Register since the first of June, one-third at least are females who girls under twenty. In connection at approaches of the Lunatic Asylum, and afterward of providing such hunger, and afraid of the others that have been driven to insanity by the same cause.

"What wonder is it if the girls on sewing, become the victims of temptation? Is it wonder that so many of criminals in our prisons are women than males? Is it no wonder heartbroken, and broken-hearted, fled from their God? Have we not reason to fear that we shall be visited for these things?"

And not only in New York but in all our large cities do such scenes of want and wretchedness abound—our large cities are but as huge sinks, which may be easily seen the certain universal fruit of a powerful civilization. It is time that the attention of men was directed to this subject, and that they should perceive that we, with all our republicanism, are but following in the footsteps of the nations that have gone forward in a low passage in European one of these days when he goes out to look at letters for his fortune, like Willie on the Green. The gentleman of the press will also by himself out at the conservation of a new church, and take very great pains to know himself almost an inspector of ecclesiastical architecture as the architect of the name. The new gather ch-tches have been perfect all needs to the new church, and the new church him endows themes for fine writing and disinterest of criticism. But tailors, haters, proprietors of hats, boxers, and, in short, all the large profile man of the press have most to commend. A free hand to a coat, and thoroughly original cut, and faith criticisms when'll would startle Wilkinson, and the favors of inspecting a plaster bust will throw the gentleman of the press into a rapture that he will not waste of nothing but Michael Angelo and Canova. The literary gentleman of the press is the lower order of the former's Peddler tribe, and, in conclusion, the most extravagant in showing his gratitude for the gift of a shilling novel. In Paris and Madrid the literary gentleman of the press, he has real dignity of expression, and many independence of publication, and he is, in fact, the man of the place in the government, but here, by his treasuring fear of giving offence to the patients of immigrants he will have to be content to be servable a position that is not the cheap repeat of a stolen movement in gown to him as a farm."

PEACE WITH MEXICO.

It is not probably aware that Santa Anna and Almonte conducted on board the English steamer Arab for Vera Cruz, in consequence of their having been informed that they were not safe in the city of Mexico. Some other diplomatists and functionaries of the same class departed the same day on the packet boat Montezuma for Tampico. Under an arrangement all the reported agreements between Santa Anna and Commodore Conner, on the part of the United States, but not sanctioned by Americans until the inhabitants shall think fit to annex themselves to the United States. This event, indeed, may certainly be looked for in a few years, as the Mexicans are unable to carry on a war trade with both Republics, and will be compelled to choose between the one and the other. The Mexicans will then, of course, choose the latter, as they will be enabled to carry on a free trade with both Republics, and will be protected in their religion, which is the only thing they care about

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, and for James R. Mansell, O. H. Cranston, Benjamin Lundy, Wm. Bowne, H. Lewis Bowne, Samuel Bowne and Chs. W. Bowne.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PEACE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Statistical.

THE GROWTH AND CONSUMPTION OF COTTON.

A correspondent of the Washington Union furnishes some interesting statistics in relation to the amount and growth of cotton grown and consumed in the United States, from 1327 to 1847, with the aggregate consumption in the United States and in Europe, for the same period. We give the statement of the "increase in the growth of the United States' cotton—

Years.	Annual Increase.	Annual Average.
1827-28	7,000	
1828-29	83,000	
1829-30	379,000	151,800
1830-31	1,800,000	720,000
1831-32	961,000	1,920,000
1832-33	1,840,000	1,111,000
1833-34	1,961,000	1,173,000
1834-35	1,254,000	1,252,000
1835-36	1,761,000	1,408,000
1836-37	1,422,000	1,419,000
1837-38	1,181,000	1,301,000
1838-39	1,761,000	1,600,000
1839-40	1,178,000	1,719,000
1840-41	2,018,000	1,804,000
1841-42	1,064,000	1,918,000
1842-43	2,370,000	1,747,000
1843-44	2,033,000	2,241,000
1844-45	2,448,000	

The annual increase is equal to 4.5 per cent. down to 1843 and 1844, which, added to each year, shows 2,241,000 pounds.

He also gives the following, as the aggregate consumption in Europe and the United States—

Years.	Annual Consum.	Annual Average
1826	371,000	
1827	477,000	
1828	860,000	437,000
1829	1,240,000	860,000
1830	1,662,000	1,250,000
1831	2,103,000	1,882,000
1832	2,600,000	2,351,000
1833	3,054,000	2,827,000
1834	3,454,000	3,254,000
1835	3,917,000	3,685,000
1836	4,178,000	4,047,000
1837	4,504,000	4,341,000
1838	4,988,000	4,746,000
1839	5,317,000	5,152,000
1840	5,813,000	5,565,000
1841	6,000,000	5,907,000
1842	6,241,000	6,120,000
1843	6,753,000	6,497,000
1844	7,193,000	6,996,000
1845	7,777,000	7,485,000
1846	8,000,000	7,888,000
1847	8,000,000	8,000,000

The aggregate annual increase in a small fraction under 6 per cent.

If we divide the period in the above table in to two equal portions, in that from 1827 to 1837, which we have selected as the standard for comparison, the annual rate of increase estimated by the number of bales, will be found to be 6 per cent; while, in the last 8 years of the period it will be seen amounted to 7 per cent, making an average of 6½ per cent. From 1844 to 1847, the annual increase was not per cent. above this standard. From 1835 to 1844, the increase was not over 4 per cent.

NEW YORK CITIES AND VILLAGES.

The number of inhabitants comprised in the cities of the State is as follows, compared with 1840:

Cities.	No. of inhabitants in 1845.	U. S. census, 1840.
New York,	371,223	312,710
Brooklyn,	55,758	36,233
Albany,	51,310	33,721
Buffalo,	29,773	18,213
Rochester,	21,210	20,191
Troy,	19,334	16,956
Utica,	17,565	12,782
Hudson,	6,482	5,894
Total,	572,655	456,700

Increase of the cities of the State in five years from 1840 to 1845, 115,955, or 25 per cent. In ten years from 1835 to 1845, 215,955, or 60 per cent.

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Items of News.

THE CHANCING SEASON.—The trial of speed between the paddle-wheel steamer Massachusetts, Boston, and the propeller steamer Grand Turk, from New York, resulted in the propeller being declared open, but the wheel steamer charged with swindling and sued to the paddle-wheels. This decision is of course founded upon the comparative merits of the two vessels, and the power of their engines.

THE BOSTON STEAMERS.—Captain Dunbar, of the steamer Atlantic, has accepted the command of the Liverpool steamer, Captain Dunbar, of the steamer Atlantic, has accepted the command of the Liverpool steamer, Captain Cook, in the employ of the Cunard line, to run a race for $1,000 after December, without passengers. The Atlantic has been thoroughly repaired, and is now in order for the part of the officers, engineers and crew, who must of course be on board, like a deliberate affair of honor, and not a frolic.

CAPTAIN HOWES' STATEMENT.—The following is the business transacted at the Custom House in New York during the quarter ending 30th June, 1847:—Duties on free goods received—$646,815; specie, $14,862; dutiable by value, $7,360,437; cash duties, $7,022,115; bonded duties, $1,338,322.

PROCLAMATION OF SOLACE.—The official announcement of Queen Victoria is $2,000,000, or nearly $2,500,000. There are over one million of hard-working and honest men in Ireland without employment, and yet even the ten thousandth part of the amount of the Queen's bounty is not given.

☞ The King of the Commons is the title of a new forcast play by the Rev. James White of Edinburgh. Blackwood's Magazine is loud in its praises of the production, and says that it is the most original, and consequently the most interesting novelty in its duty.

ON THE NAVY.—While we have been writing the above, we have received the Union, and other papers of the same date, containing the report of the Secretary of the Navy, in advance of publication. The full report will be issued early next week. The Secretary recommends the construction of ten steamers of the first class, and the tonnage of two sailing vessels, and the repairing and building one hundred and fifty-seven gun boats.

—ALBANY.—AT Mt. Louis, May 2, 1847, Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, wife of Mr. Jeremiah Hall, aged 70 years.

Beautiful Poem.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

Give me my old cot, Mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since then I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into those eyes—
Their mesh, soft, loving light
Falls, like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, Mother;
Few years have been mine and set
Since last the tear-drop on the cheek
My lips in kisses met.
I'm but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems;
To-night every night I cross to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By the gifts that thou hast'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path;
And "thou hast only spell
Which made that path so dearly bright;
Which crowned the roses there;
Which gave the light, and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I have a happy heart, Mother;
A happier never beat;
And, even now, new kinds of hope
Are looming at my feet.
Oh! Mother, life may be a dream;
But if such dreams are given,
Oh! what the portal then we enter;
What are the tranks of Heaven?

I have a happy heart, Mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I crave think of thee;
And then the tear my spirit wrops
Unbidden fills my eye;
And, like a wanderer down, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, Mother,
And yet I am not lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Open to me like mine ones!
Though many smiles wreathe blooming lips,
While love rests meet my ear;
My Mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, Mother,
Now hold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating, spite of my own,
Once more before we part
And, Mother, in this low lot spot,
When I am far away,
Come often—often—visit me come!
And for thy darling pray.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-ONE.

CONTINUATION OF THE MARCH—ORANGE, WITH ITS ROMAN ARCH AND AMPHITHEATRE—VALLEY OF THE RHONE—A FILLE DU REGIMENT—THE ALPS CITY DAUPHINE—RHONE SCENERY—CLASSIC AND GOTHIC VIEWS AT VIENNA—APPROACH TO LYONS—AND ITS "LIONS."

Lyons, January 29, 1846.

After leaving Avignon, we took the road up the Rhone, for Lyons, turning our backs upon the rainy south. We reached the village of Sorgues by dusk, and accepted the invitation of an old dame to lodge at her inn, which proved to be a "duckmein's chop!" It was nevertheless clean and comfortable, and we sat down in one corner, out of the track of the shriekers of sparks, and watched with much interest the operations of making a home-dish. Leaving before day-break next morning, we crossed the Sorgues over a stone bridge, and entered the village, like many a young scrl, whose mountain purity goes out into the smiling world and becomes sullied with sin. The road passed over broad, barren ranges of hills, and the landscape was destitute of all interest, till we approached Orange. We saw the city (the seat of the renowned Prince of Orange, who bore such a part in the history of the Low Countries) sometime before reaching it, and from the top of a rocky height, a great square proportion of which seemed to stand in its midst. As we approached nearer, however, arches and lines of a nature could be discerned, and we recognized it as the celebrated amphitheatre, one of the grandest Roman relics in the south of France.

I stood at the foot of this great fabric and gazed up at it in astonishment. The exterior wall, three hundred and thirty feet in length, and ranging in the height of one hundred and twenty one feet, is still in excellent preservation, and through its rows of solid arches looks on the broken ranges of the seats within. Its form is square, one side being excavated into the mountain, the arenas is covered with capitals, cornices, and other fragments of the white marble with which the interior was decorated. On the crag above, and looking as if about to topple down on it, is a massive fragment of the fortress of the Princes of Orange, razed by Louis XIV. Passing through the city, we came to the beautiful Roman triumphal arch, which in my eye is a finer structure than that of Constantine at Rome. It is built in a yellow marble and highly ornamented with sculptured trophies. From the barbaric shields on the bottom of the arch, it is more than probable that the letters MARII still remaining, it has been supposed to commemorate the victory of Marius over the barbarians, near Aix. A Dome running along the top, on each side, about although broken and much defaced by the weather, the title and action which once marked the strong, gifted figures. Some Roman ruins, scattered through Provence and Languedoc, though inferior in historical interest, equal in architectural beauty the greater part of them in the Eternal City itself.

The rest of the day the road was monotonous, though occasionally the high range of Cevennes and Mont-dragon, rising over the villages of the same name. The Rhone was invisible across the level plain, but the whole space was hedged by a white distance by a range of blue hills, steep and of rugged outline. The precipice of Mornas bears the name of Hannibal's camp, which was the scene so hostilely barbarian during the wars of the League. Night came on as the rock of Tournelle, at whose foot we were to sleep, appeared in the distance, rising like a fortress from the plain, and we only reached it in time to escape the rain that came down the valley of the Rhone.

Next day we passed several companies of soldiers on their way to Africa. One of these companies we passed by a young girl, apparently the wife of the recruit by whom she was marching. She wore the tight blue belt of the army, and a red shawl reaching to the knees, over her soldier pantaloons, while her pretty face showed to advantage beneath a small military cap. It was a "Fille du Regiment" in real life. The road was hilly as ever, and the country, for many miles, was without much claim to beauty. Montelimart, which we passed about noon, is a town of considerable size, but exceedingly dull and dirty, and not remarkable for any thing except the manufacture of candy. Valence, the next large town we reached, is a handsome place, and has a good deal of business. Here I left the coach, and took the steamboat for Lyons.

Leaving a six o'clock, wakened by the trumpets which called the soldiery to their day's duty, we reached the river Drome at dawn, and from the bridge over its rapid current, gazed at the old, ancestral towers of the Alps at Dauphine, and saw the sky far up the valley. The coming of morn threw a yellow glow along those snowy tides, and lighted up, here and there, a flashing glacier. The mountain wore already up and at work, and carriages of each wagons rumbled along in the morning twilight. We trudged on with them, and by breakfast-time had made some distance of the way to Vienne. The road, much down not approach to Vienne, is dismal of interest and fortune, though suffer a moderate, when the bare tree-hills are lightened over with green, and the fruit-trees covered with blossoms and foliage, it might be a scene of great beauty.

Valence, which we reached towards noon, is a common place city on the Rhone, and my only reasons for traversing its dirty streets in pursuance to taking the road, which passes without the walls, were—to get dinner, and because it might have been the birth-place of Aymee de Valence, the valiance Crusader, chronicled in "Ivanhoe," whose tomb I had seen in Westminster Abbey. One of the crosses which was marked "Bar Bayard," threw that my valiant somewhere—the knight without fear and, reproach—is still remembered in his native province. The name of his chariot are still standing among the Alps near Grenoble.

In the afternoon we crossed the Isere, a swift, muddy river, which rises among the Alps of Savoy. We saw their icy range, among which in the desert solitude of the Grand Chartreuse, set up the valley, black shingle monastery of the Grand Mont Blanc, whose cloudy outline, eighty miles distant in a "bee line," is visible in fair weather. At 7 in the evening we left the Rhone again and walked along the base of the hills which contract its current. Here, I should call it beautiful. The country has a wilderness and approaches to that of the Rhine Rocky, castellated heights frown over the rushing waters, which here have something of the majesty of their "rushing and abounding" trial. Winding around the curving hills, the scene is constantly varied, and the little wildwood inlets cleaped in the embrace of the stream, mingle a trait of softened beauty with its sterner character.

We stopped for the night at a little village on its banks, and felt quite at home on having a polite, kind old hostess, who made a thousand apologies on account of her chamber, which nevertheless had one of the cleanest and best beds we met with in France. Next morning we passed on along the river, through delightful scenery, to St. Vallier, a small city beautifully situated on the river—a suspension bridge crossing over the picturesque town on the opposite bank. Here we left the Rhone again, and unwillingly, for it had grown considerably in our affections, during the last day's journey. We were walking a long time up hills and down dales, whose engrossing interest seemed to announce the approach of Spring, we descended again to its banks, at sunset.

The spires of Vienne were visible before us, at the end of the crescent of valley to which we had descended, and the lofty Mont Pilat, the scene at whose cities among the springs of the Loire and on its western side, stretched magestically along the opposite bank of the Rhone. In a meadow near Vienne stands a curious Roman obelisk, seventy-six feet in height. The base is composed of four pillars, connected by arches, and the whole structure has a barbaric air, compared with the more elegant monuments of Orange and Nismes. Vienne, which is mentioned by several of the Roman historians under its present name, was the capital of the Allobroges, and I looked upon it with a new and strange interest, on calling to mind my school boy days, when I had become familiar with that war like race, in sailing over the pages of Cæsar.

In passing through the city at dusk, we came suddenly upon a little square, one end of which was filled by a small church, whose rich and perfect architecture, of the beautiful Norman Gothic style, letted from me an exclamation of surprise. I have not before seen a more perfect specimen of that elegant edifice. The pointed dome-way of radiating arches, covered with delicate tracer,—the great wheel window above, and the lofty, slender towers, crowned with open-work pyramids, and connected by arches and corniers and pyramidal spires, are certainly far more beautiful than the lantern and flat pilasters of the Italian churches. Time has been kind to this beautiful edifice, and there or four centuries have taken away nothing from its graceful outline.

We walked in the mud and darkness for what seemed a great distance, and finally took shelter in a little inn at the northern end of the city. The Belgian soldiers, coming from Africa were already quartered in every house, and I found a lodging in the room with a dirty wine of the rugged Alps. We passed two or three large villages and entered a long avenue, which seemed to be bearing on Mont Pilat the whole morning. About noon we came to the city of Lyons, and I found myself in the first clasps his Burgundian bride—the Saone, and a cloud of impenetrable coal-smoke shrouded on the location of Lyons. A tenant proportion revealed a large flat dome and some ranges of tall buildings near the river, but after wading through the rebuch and lanes, which has sprung up on the eastern bank of the Rhone, we stopped short of the bridge and took lodgings, being obliged to remain four or five days to await the arrival of a letter from Paris.

I have now been here four days and a half, and I think my last hours will crawl by as dull as they have become intimately acquainted with every part of the city, from *Pierre lui Cremelle* to *Croix Rousse*. I know the contents of every shop in the Saconar and the passage of the Hotel Dieu—the title of every volume in the bookstores in the Place Bellecour—the number of every house in each of the streets that I have walked up the Saone to *Pierre Scise*—from the Rhone to his wealthy manufacturers on the Heights of *Fourvieres*, and promenaded in the Cours Napoleon—and if the magistrates do not prevent me from leaving the city, I may say that I am sick of it. I do not deserve it!

Describing a city is always dull, and Lyons particularly so (at this time) on account of its coal smoke, dreary atmosphere, and streets of never-dying mud. I will spare you the infliction of a description myself or any one else to read, except the Cathedral of St. Jean, and the Chapel of *Notre Dame de Fourvieres*. The Palace de Lorion and Hotel Dieu are both stately buildings, as well as some other edifices in the Place des Terreaux, but talking about was does not interest me. The Cathedral is a fine old church, though not equal to it in a ruin, in dry localness. The Cathedral a dark, massive building, stands in that small part of the city, crowded in the foot of the hill, and on the west bank of the Saone. Its architecture. The flowers of the grave have never been changed nonspectacular, ealys of one leaf, tubular, with five teeth, and five petals with teeth, pronascent, perianal tenhaceum, ovate leaved.

MARVEL OF PERU. *Tuesday.*

Sweet when first I met you,
Sweet when you were gone,
Sweet when you were absent,
Sweet when you return.

Sweet when glad, affectionate, though shy.

Boston Post.

The Spaniards applied the appellation *Mondaki del Peru*, the Marvel of Peru, to this plant, on account of the great variety of colors displayed in its flowers. The French call it *Belle de Nuit* because the flowers expand and emit sweet, at night only. And because in this country we found it in a garden variously colored corollas to an European one.

Dans le nuits mystérieuses
De la canicule ardente,
Tu vous echappez a nos yeux,
Et tu viens en secret, belle plante,
Ou cherche, ou nous a donnez
Le doux temps si court hélas,
Ah! quil cessez les embrâs,
Comme tes secret a nos baisers.

LAKESIDE, PUBLIC. *Lyceum.*

Men's fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Shakespeare.

He seems half-lost at the fashion of his hat.
It ever changeth with the next block.

Ibid.

The finest bulls, before they are capsuled, are the finest to work with. Bulls in the natural vigor state of this flower, the other petals form a kind of hemispherical anatory, at the back of the corolla, which is called the nectary, and contains the honey. *Loudon's Gardeiner.*

The Disputationist, although it loses its spur by the incision of its petals, yet retains an advantage over the Spectator, which will frequently be found to be engaging on embryo and supposed, and consequently produces but few flowers. The Disputationist, on the contrary, generally returns to its natural single state, whilst the seed, soon later in the season, or in the spring, will produce double flowers.

IVY. *Mahomony.*

Say shall I bear the fading beauty true,
Or leave the spring-time flowers to wave wholly more?
No—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll love.
In youth, in age, their sense forever true.

A. A. Watts.

The pure, open, prosperous love,
That pledged on earth, and vowed above,
Comes in the world's repressing eye,
In friendship's smile, and lovers' sigh,
Outlasting all the heart's surest ties
In one tone of happiness.

Mount.

Their home knew but affection's look and speech—
A little heaven, above dominion's reach.

Hemans.

The fog formed the cream of the Roman poets. In modern times, woman's love, constancy, dependence on, have been expressed by it.

The *Modern Attic*, common European cry, is that so celebrated for its picturesque effect upon old buildings, trees, etc., to which it attaches itself by short fibers. The white plant has a peculiar aromatic flavor. The even green flower, dark, with white veins, upper cone, erect, lower, five lobed, all standing on fan-stalks. *Flowers* green, of many umbels, forming a corymbus. *Calyx* very small, perianth, five toothed. *Petals* five, dilated at the base, their tops incurved. *Berries* globular, black, many within.

Our Portrait Gallery.

SANTA ANNA.

As this gentleman has become an object of much interest since he has succeeded in regaining power in Mexico, we have thought that the above portrait (which we believe to be a correct one) together with the following sketch of his personal appearance and character, taken from Waddy Thompson's Recollections of Mexico, published some months ago, would prove entertaining to our readers.

General Santa Anna is now fifty four years of age. He is about five feet ten inches high, with a fine military appearance. He has a handsome leg, and an olive cast, but not indicating any mixture of blood, although I believe he is not of pure Castilian lineage. I have been told that I have seen a more striking and finely formed head and face; there is scarcely a feature or a point to either that I could wish changed. Some years ago I should have remember to have heard a distinguished American statesman remark when Santa Anna was in Washington, that he had rarely seen a face indicative in a higher degree of talent, firmness and benevolence. I am not sure that I can find in Heath this last term, but I think that his face is an accurate index to the volume of his character. I beg the reader not to start and lay down his book before he has read a few sentences which I propose to narrate, and for most of which I vouch, as they have passed under my own observation. I can only say that I should have been very sorry to have left Mexico without seeing Santa Anna. I would have regretted to have left the country the great man of modern birth in that country and in Mexico. By speaking of him as a great man, I do not suppose that at making others happy that I should be regarded as a great man. I only mean by that, any thing that I have written of him has given him one moment's gratification. I shall not however, be betrayed by those qualities which have made him so much a favorite with the people, and which my own deliberate judgment does not approve.

Mr. Poinsett had an interview with General Santa Anna in 1822. He saw and judged of him free from the false glare of high position and extended influence. Mr. Poinsett was then the agent of the U. S. of a regiment. Mr. Poinsett was particularly struck with his high bearing and polished manners. He was then at La Puebla (at the outer boundary) in the grand state and embarrassment of his resources, and the thought flashed across Mr. Poinsett's mind at once, that he could make a fortune by furnishing him with his confidence as that of a well bred and accomplished man. Mr. Poinsett was surprised, except that of General Jarvinez, whose range of expression was so great, whose tone was so great a master, that he could never be surprised. Mr. Poinsett was then a young man, about twenty-six or seven years old, and is probably now about sixty-five. He has been subject to bursts of passion fiery and fierce. He is a Spaniard, a race which, with its many noble traits, has the unfortunate propensity of anger, and wars are every where sanguinary to a proverb. That between the Castle and Moors lasted for eight hundred years. Cortez and Pizarro were both of high tempered combat calculated to increase even the characteristic ferocity of their race. Their religious war, and more even than that, it was a war of race. The civil was between the mother country and her colonists. Spain had not the right to expect from the best possible school for lessons of clemency. No quarter was generally the law at that war, at which Spain respected. It would be strange indeed if she brought up in such a school should not have learned the lesson of cruelty, and practiced it on her colonies. Yet, I believe that with the exception of his conduct in Texas, and the order for decimation at the massacre of Mier, Santa Anna is free from stain in this particular, whilst his military career has been distinguished by more acts of humane clemency which would do honor to any commander.

There were some circumstances which prevented my own eye, and for the truth of which I vouch, which will better illustrate the character of Santa Anna than any thing I can say. Sometimes of a morning I would breakfast with the President. He would be then in his undress, and in his gayest mood. Santa Anna was a prisoner in Texas he was put in irons. The proud spirit of a soldier and a Castilian could not brook the indignity, and he attempted to commit suicide by taking laudanum. He was relieved from its effects, and otherwise kindly treated by Dr. Phelps of Texas. He was then sent to Washington, taken at Mier, Santa Anna ascertained that there was one whose name was Phelps. He sent for him, and asked him if he was related to Dr. Phelps, of Washington, Texas, when the young man replied that he was his son. Santa Anna ordered that he should be relieved, and an aide-camp rode him into the city, and purchased him a dress made of leather for him and gave him a horse to ride on. I was informed of all this, and as there was an American ship of war at Vera Cruz about to sail for New Orleans, I was anxious to get off. Santa Anna offering young Phelps a passage. He replied thanking me for the offer, but declined it, saying that he could not leave Santa Anna without the consent of his return, in some degrees, the kindness of Dr. Phelps to him, when he was a prisoner in Texas, and that he preferred sending his son home at his own expense, which he did, giving him also a draft on Vera Cruz, for whatever sum of money he might ask for.

Among the prisoners taken at Mier, was a very talented and distinguished officer, General Arista, ago, John Hall. On their arrival in Mexico, this boy was not closely confined as the other prisoners were, but was allowed to go at large in the city. He would ask the President to release him. I told him that I was going to ask for the same favor, and that I would be more apt to do it on his own application than on mine.

A few days afterwards the little fellow returned to my house very handsomely dressed, and told me that he had been liberated, and gave me the following account of what had occurred between himself and the President. When he requested Santa Anna to release him, the latter replied:—Why, if I do that you will go and fight me again.—No, sir, I replied, Fa prisoners were released on their parole of honor not to bear arms against Mexico, and I would not for three months before half of them had returned the country again, and they tell me that your killed several of my Mexicans at Mier." The little fellow replied that he did not know how many he had killed, but that he had fired fifteen or twenty times during the battle. "Very well," said Santa Anna, "I will release you, and what is more, I will adopt you as my son, and educate and provide for you as such."

The boy was sent to the house of General Tornel, the Minister of War, and was really, as I know, adopted on a full footing of equality in his family, and treated with the most parental kindness. He was afterwards placed at the principal college in Mexico, where he was pursuing his education when I left the country. General Santa Anna not only paid the charges of his education, but of expenses caused for him as for a son. Some time after his own discharge, little Hill came to me, to request that I would obtain the release of his father. I told him so, that he was a more successful negotiator than I was, to go and try his own hand again. He did so, and obtained an order for the release of his father, and his son, and afterwards of a brother, who was also among the prisoners.

During the war in Yucatan, the government of Mexico was in a great exigency for thirty or forty thousand dollars. Mr. Hargrove, an American merchant of Vera Cruz, educated the money upon the personal pledge of Santa Ana, that it should be paid at a stipulated time of the custom-house in Vera Cruz. Mr. Hargrove, at the time appointed, presented his order and was refused payment. A few days afterwards Santa Anna was in Vera Cruz, and Mr. H called to see him, and informed him that he had presented the order which he had given him, and that payment had been refused. the officer of the custom-house saying that he did so by the orders of Santa Anna—which Mr. Hargrove said he did not believe. Santa Anna said that he had given such orders, that there was no money in the treasury to pay the army, and enough even to purchase their rations, and that he must wait until it was more convenient to pay him. Hargrove, very much excited, said, "You know, sir, that I would not have advanced this money, except upon the pledge of your word of honor, which I have not known violated before." "I have been your friend, sir, in more trials than one, and have respected and confided in you, henceforth these feelings are changed and existing." Santa Anna called him back and said to the military friends by whom he was surrounded—"Gentlemen, have you heard the language which this man has used to me?" Hargrove said, "I came from a country where no stations of honor are bestowed upon those who are not gentlemen." "And do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?" "Yes, sir," said Santa Anna, it is—and I respect you for your firmness in demanding your rights." "Well, sir, I will tell you what I have said true!